

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

AUGUST, 1869.

LETTERS FROM JUDGE EDMONDS, WITH A
LETTER FROM MR. S. C. HALL.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

New York, June 11, 1869.

SIR,—In your number for June, and from my correspondents in England, I learn that the testimony I gave in the Spirit Photograph case has excited much interest with you as it did here. The account which I gave in my testimony of the incident in question was very brief, and most miserably reported, for I saw at the time that the reporters were too intent upon listening to take down my words, but had to depend on memory for their account.

I intended in due time to give to the world the account which I wrote down at the time, and the subsequent information; but I was requested by the parties interested in the case not to publish it here until after the argument in "Bank" on "Points Reserved" on the trial; and as I did not wish to do harm to any one, I complied.

That argument will take place this month, and be finished before you can publish the account, or at least before your publication of it can reach this country. I have therefore concluded to send it to you for publication, if you think it worth while to give it to your readers.

I enclose a recent publication of a letter from a much valued correspondent, from your side of the "Great Water."

Truly yours,

J. W. EDMONDS.

A SCENE IN THE BROOKLYN COURT-HOUSE, NEW YORK,
NOVEMBER, 22, 1868.

AN incident occurred to me last Friday, too interesting to be lost, and so I make a minute of it.

I was attending Court in Brooklyn, and was waiting for the termination of a trial then in progress, so as to bring on a case in which I was counsel. I took no interest in the case then on trial, but sat inside the bar, reading a newspaper.

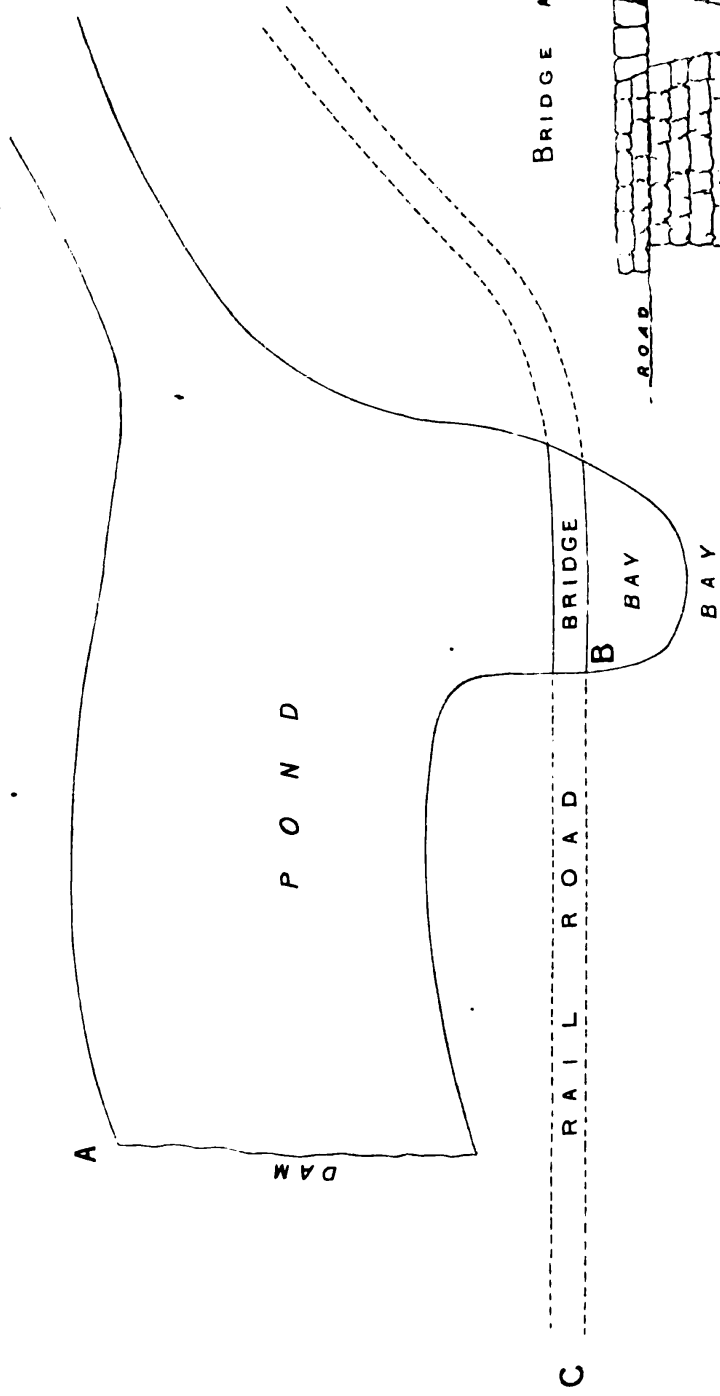
On looking off the paper, I saw the spirit of a man standing just behind the jury, and so far elevated that his body from his waist up, was above the head of the jurors. He was about fifty years old, and had an intelligent countenance and an earnest look. As soon as he perceived that he had attracted my attention, he said to me, "This is not right. My folks ought not to recover this money. I killed myself."

Until then I had known nothing of the case, except that I had learned that it was on an insurance policy. I now, however, made inquiry and learned that it was an action on a policy against accidents, and was brought by a young girl to recover \$2,000 for the loss of her father, whose dead body had been found floating in a pond, over a part of which a rail-road bridge was built, with the mark of a blow on the back of the head, just behind the ear, severe enough to cut through to the skull, but not through his hat, which was found on his head. It was proved that the blow had been severe enough to produce insensibility, and thus cause death by drowning, and the question was whether his death was voluntary or the result of accident. As soon as I had ascertained these facts, I resumed my seat and gave my attention to him. He was anxious to prevent a recovery against the insurers, and to have the facts known.

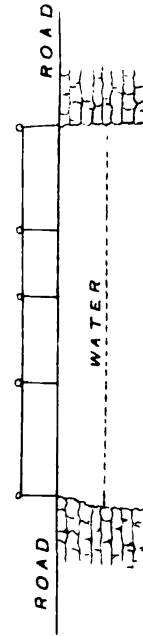
He told me how his death had occurred, and he gave me a description of the place where it had happened. From his description, I sketched on a piece of paper a diagram of the place, which I annex hereto. After preparing it, and before going any farther with him, I showed it to the counsel engaged in the case, and they told me it was correct as a general idea of the locality.

I then again resumed my seat, and he told me that he had passed along the road in the direction from *c* to *b*, until he came to a bridge built over an arm of the pond, and he had gone there for the purpose of throwing himself into the water. There he discovered a man chopping wood on the opposite side of the pond at *a*. He had intended to throw himself off the left side of the bridge, because there the water was deepest.

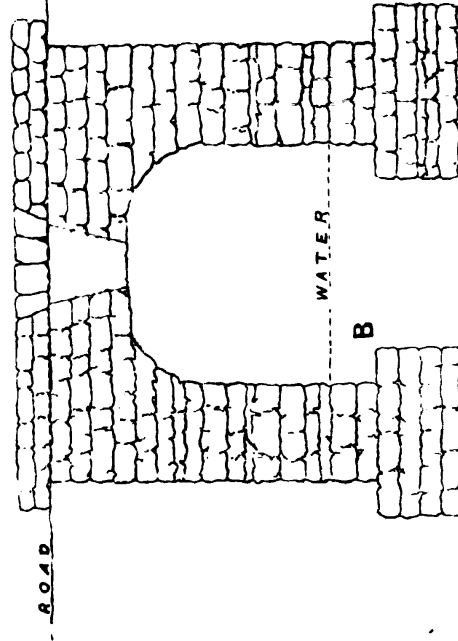
DIAGRAM OF THE LOCALITY.



BRIDGE AS I SUPPOSED IT.



BRIDGE AS IT WAS.



But he was afraid that man might see him and rescue him, so he climbed over the right side of the bridge, and let himself drop into the water, and in his fall his head had struck a stone in the foundation of the bridge, which was concealed by the water, and hence the wound that was found on him.

I supposed the bridge was a wooden one, and not far above the water, and I could not well see how a fall of so short a distance, as I imagined it to be—3 or 4 feet only—could produce so severe a blow. So I again applied to the counsel, and they showed me a diagram of the bridge, which was in fact an arched stone culvert, some 12 or 13 feet above the surface of the water, with a projecting foundation to the abutments.

I then resumed my seat, after thus ascertaining that his story so far agreed with the facts of the case, and then he told me why he had killed himself.

Some 21 years before that he had had an attack of typhus fever, during which he had been deranged. After recovering from the fever he found himself subject to occasional fits of mental derangement, which would last with him for several days at a time. Of that he was himself fully conscious, and would struggle to overcome them. He was often successful in such efforts; but there were times when, in spite of all his efforts, the derangement would get the better of him, and at these times he would go away from his family, and be absent until he recovered his self control and his equanimity.

In process of time, he found that these fits of aberration increased upon him in violence and frequency, so that about two years before his death, his friends had committed him to the Lunatic Asylum in Hartford, Connecticut. He had remained there several months, when he was discharged, the faculty of the Asylum pronouncing him perfectly cured. He had thought so himself, and had resumed his business; but soon his fits of derangement returned upon him, and during the ensuing two years, they became so frequent and violent, that he finally gave up in despair. He knew that all his own efforts and the best medical aid did not cure, or even help him, and he saw nothing before him but a life of confirmed insanity, and that he must live and die either a drivelling idiot or a raving maniac. Such a fate he could not bear to contemplate, and he had, therefore, determined to die.

While he was giving me this detail, Dr. Butler, the principal of that asylum, was examined as a witness, both as an expert in the disease, and as to the particular condition of this man's mind. I was listening to his testimony, when the spirit suggested to me these four questions to put to Dr. B. I wrote them down from his dictation at the time.

"Can a man be afflicted with a mental alienation or derangement, and yet, at the same time, be himself perfectly conscious of it?"

"Can that consciousness be so distinct in the man as to enable him at times to exercise his will over the disease to the extent of controlling, and sometimes of actually suppressing and overcoming it, even when the fit is on him?"

"Can his condition be such, that at times the derangement will get the upper hand of him in spite of all his efforts, and he, at the same time be conscious of that supremacy, and of his own inability to exercise any control over it?"

"Would such a state of things be likely to produce in his mind a state of despondency, and even of despair, and thus to suggest to him death as the only remedy?"

I handed these questions to one of the counsel, and asked him to propound them to Dr. B. He did ask the first one, but in such a way, that the doctor answered "No," and he did not ask the others.

After Dr. B. had concluded his testimony, I asked him, "Did you mean to testify that a man could not be deranged, and yet be himself conscious of it?"

"Why, no," was answered, "we frequently have such cases."

"But, Doctor, you did so testify."

"I did not mean to say so. I did not understand the question."

"Let me read it to you."

"I should answer that question as you read it, in the affirmative."

"Let me read these other questions to you."

"I answer them all in the affirmative."

"Well, doctor, you say you have been 20 years at the head of that asylum—you have had this man for months under your care, and you have heard all the testimony given on this trial; now will you be so good as to tell me how nearly these questions describe his case?"

"They describe it exactly. It could not be more accurately done."

"The trial resulted in a verdict for the claimant with some legal questions reserved."

I had no previous knowledge of the man or the case. I had never heard of him before, and did not know that such a man had lived. It was all new to me, yet I obtained in my practice such a knowledge of insanity, as to recognize this as one of those cases where a man was both sane and insane, and realized Erskine's description, "Reason was not hurled from

her seat, but distraction sat down beside her, held her trembling in her place, and frightened her from her propriety."

Aside from the great lesson which this manifestation teaches of our intimate connection with the spirit-world, and of the extent to which it may be made apparent to our outward consciousness, by the due cultivation of powers innate in all of us, though possessed by each in different degrees—there are one or two minor lessons to be regarded.

One is the danger of our own minds mingling with, and giving colour to spirit communion. Here I spoke of a pond when it was a bay; of a dam where there was none; and had an idea of a low wooden bridge, when it was a high stone culvert. If I had not been aware of this danger, I should not have taken the precautions I did to verify the tale, and should have given the story with just errors enough to create uncertainty.

Another is this. They who had agreed to pay \$2,000 if the man lost his life by an accident, are made to pay it by his voluntarily taking his own life. Now if the judge and jury could have seen and learned what I did, actual justice could have been done instead of injustice. But not only could they not see; but if I had told them the story as I tell it here, they would have laughed it to scorn as an idle delusion; but the time will come when others will be as able to see and learn these things as I now can. I possess no faculty peculiar to myself, for it belongs to all mankind, and only needs to be educated and cultivated, as for 18 years I have been cultivating mine.

May 11, 1869.

I now add the following incident to my narrative:—

There has lately occurred in this city a trial before a police justice in regard to "spirit photographs." A Mr. Mumler had begun the business of taking such pictures six or eight years ago in Boston, and last of all removed to New York and set up the same business. Enough people of sense had investigated the matter, until the idea of the actuality of such pictures generally obtained, and he was doing a good business, when some rival artist complained of him to the mayor as a cheat, and he was arrested for obtaining money under false pretences. I was examined as a witness in the case, mainly to prove that spirits could be seen; so as to raise the question—"Why if they can be visible to the eye, can they not be visible to the camera?" In my testimony I related instances where I had seen spirits, and among them was the foregoing.

The trial was fully reported in the newspapers; and this case at Brooklyn was stated, though no names were given. This was two or three weeks ago. This evening I was waited upon at my house by two women, who introduced themselves as the daughter and sister of the suicide. The daughter was 15 or 16 years of age; the sister was her maiden aunt, and they both had been present at the court in Brooklyn.

They told me that the surviving brother of the suicide, who lives in Connecticut, had read the report of my testimony; had recognized the case; and had requested his sister to call on me and get the particulars of what I had seen.

The account I had given in my testimony had been quite general; but now I gave it to them with all the details.

They told me that my account was accurate in every respect but one—that I had correctly described his person, his age, and his state of mental culture; his sickness many years before, the delirium which had attended it; his confinement in the asylum, and his discharge from it; the place where his body had been found, and the state of it when found. They thus confirmed the whole story as it had been given to me, except that he had not been, they said, subject to fits of derangement; and had not absented himself from home in order to struggle with the paroxysms. They would not say that was not so; but they had never discovered it.

I inquired what his business had been. He had been an insurance agent, and had frequently been absent from home on that business.

I asked if he might not have used that business as an excuse for his absence, when in fact the reason of it had been that which he had given me. Yes, it might have been so; they could only say they had not noticed anything to cause a suspicion of the existence of his mental disease.

What then is the inference to be drawn—that he was not thus afflicted or that he had succeeded in concealing it? They could not say; they could only say they had not dreamed of any insanity in him.

How then came he to be sent to the asylum? The family sent him because he became all of a sudden ungovernably insane.

I asked what caused his insanity. They did not know—they never had known; the first they perceived was, that he was so.

They then obtained from me a copy of the questions which I had written at the spirit's suggestion and left me, after begging me not to publish this account until after the argument of the questions of law reserved in their case.

J. W. EDMONDS.

" To Luther Colby, Esq., Editor of the '*Banner of Light*.'

" New York, May 31, 1869.

" Dear Sir,—In sitting down to answer yours of the 25th, in which you ask me to notice the article in the *Boston Journal* which you send me, it would seem to me, if I had not in a measure got used to it, to be one of the queerest things in the world that at this late day I should be called upon to prove my own sanity! Yet the article referred to, in speaking of my having said that I had seen spirits, says: 'Such declarations as these seem to impose upon us the necessity of doubting either the honesty or the sanity of those who make them. And yet they are often put forth by men who, as in Judge Edmonds's case, are unquestionably truthful and certainly sane upon at least all other subjects.'

" It is now over fifteen years since I made a public avowal of my belief in spiritual intercourse. I was then so situated that the soundness of my intellect was a matter of public interest. I had just retired from serving my term in our Court of Appeals—the court of last resort in this State. I was then the Presiding Justice of the Supreme Court in this city, with the power of wielding an immense and destructive influence over the lives, liberty, property and reputation of thousands of people. The soundness as well as the integrity of the administration of public justice were involved, and all had an interest in watching it. The cry of insanity and delusion was raised then, as now. I remained on the bench long enough after such avowal to enable people to judge how well founded the clamour was; and for the fifteen years that have since elapsed, I have been somewhat before the world, as a lawyer in full practice, as a politician, somewhat active in the first organization of the Republican party, in a literary aspect as the author and publisher of several works, professional and otherwise, and as a public speaker, thus affording to all an abundant opportunity of detecting any mental aberration, if there were any in me.

" The writer in the *Boston Journal*, wiser than all his fellows, has discovered it in my belief that the spirits of the departed can be seen by and can hold communion with the living!

" Does this writer believe in the Bible? If he does, will he be so good as to tell us wherein the nature and capacity of man have so changed that we of to-day cannot as well see spirits as did Hagar, Abraham, Lot, Moses, Balaam, Elijah, the two Marys at the sepulchre, Mary the mother of Jesus, the Shepherds, and Peter, and James, and John?

" Does he believe in ever giving credit to human testimony? If he does, will he be so good as to tell us why we may not believe in facts already sworn to by men and women, whose integrity and intelligence are unquestioned, and which can be testified to by thousands of others equally reliable? And if we may not receive human testimony, will he tell us how we are to keep out of harm's way for a moment? Whether, in his view, he is the more insane who does receive and can weigh such testimony, or he who is incapable of either? and whether he is the more sane who forms an opinion in ignorance, or he who forms it with knowledge?

" If our belief is insanity in us, will he be good enough to tell us what it was in Socrates, Cicero, Josephus, Pope, Dryden, Milton, Addison, Samuel Johnson, Blackstone, John Wesley, George Fox, Southey, Howitt, Byron, Walter Scott, Tennyson? in India, Burmah, Siam and Lapland? among the Esquimaux, Mexicans, American Indians, the Mahometans and Roman Catholics, in the past and the present?

" Verily, it seems to me, that if we are to be sent to herd among lunatics for our belief, we shall be in rather more agreeable, if not in better company, than in the sanctum of such a newspaper editor!

" But why, when in the short space of twenty years our number has swelled up, in this country alone, from half a dozen believers to millions—why waste words upon the subject? For this simple reason: There are people who are conscious that if this thing is true, there is an intelligence at work in it that *can* read our most secret thoughts and *can* reveal them to the world around us. They dare not believe in spiritual intercourse; and to them any resort, even to the stale and worn-out cry of delusion and insanity, is better than the conviction that language has lost its power of concealing thought, and vice and hypocrisy have no hiding places left.

" The tide is swelling rapidly upon us, and the time is not distant when this fact will be general, if not universal, among mankind; and then, indeed, will Othello's occupation be gone to all those who depend upon concealment for impunity.

" Then there are others, who, from defective education or organization, can receive no thought except through the medium of their senses, and who have no more conception of a spiritual idea, than a hog has of a homily. To such, the telegraph and the locomotive are profound and unfathomable mysteries, and the revolution of the earth an absurdity, because we should all fall off!

" Which of these two classes is more to be pitied it is hard

to tell. We must wait and see, for it may be Goldsmith's mad dog story, after all. There, you remember,

" 'The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.'

" Yours, &c.,

" J. W. EDMONDS.

" *P.S.*—While writing this, I am in the receipt of a letter from Mr. S. C. Hall, the English writer. It was written in London on the 13th of May, and I give you the following extract. Verily, our goodly company of the insane is increasing!

* * * * * " 'I should not, however, trespass on your time, if I had nothing to say but that. I have a fact to relate, *apropos* of the trial of Mumler—particulars of which have reached me.

" 'It is this:—

" 'A few days ago, sitting with Daniel Home and seven other friends, my venerable and truly Christian sister, who passed from earth about eight months ago, was enabled to be visible to me, and those who were with me.

" 'She was not only not a Spiritualist, but strongly and sternly objected to the principle, as anti-Christian or demoniac. She had never been present at any manifestation, never would be. But not long before her departure, I said to her, 'I am sure God will permit you to visit me after you leave earth. You will be permitted to do so for my comfort, and as a helper on my way to Christ. I wish you to promise that you will do so, if God gives you the power.'

" 'She did not absolutely make me the promise; but she did say, 'My dear brother, if it be for your good, and God permits it—and He may do so—I will be with you when he has called me from earth.'

" 'When she appeared to us in my drawing-room, her face was so healthy—so full of the red and white that exhibit health—that at the moment I did not recognize her; for she had been two years confined to bed, 'died' of cancer, was a great sufferer, and was naturally reduced to a skeleton—so to speak.

" 'Suddenly I said, with an exclamation, 'It is my sister!'

" 'Three blows were (—) struck on the table.

" 'The eyes were closed—she had been blind during the last ten years of her earth-life—possibly but for that I should not have recognized her; there was so marvellous a contrast between the face, as I saw it on her 'death' bed, and the face as I saw it then; so healthful, so beautiful, so happy, so smiling, but the likeness was exact, for I recognized every feature after my exclamation; the hair, exactly as she wore it, or plaited back,

and the cap exactly as she wore it also, which the master of Lindsay, the Hon. Mr. Lindsay, called a 'mutch,' i.e., the cap of the old Scottish model.

" 'She remained before us thus palpably for about two minutes—certainly more than one—long enough for any photographer to have made a photograph of her; and I am very sure there would have been no difficulty whatsoever in making such photograph, if the apparatus had been ready; that it would have been at once recognized by any person who knew her during her 'life' here, and that it would have been as distinct and palpable as any photograph of any (so-called) living person.*

" 'I have no doubt that each of the eight persons present would make exactly the statement I have made.

" 'Dear Sir,—I have already expressed my hope that in thus trespassing on your time, I shall give you pleasure rather than annoyance.

" 'You are discharging a duty, onerous, troublesome, nay, dangerous, in so far as the world's estimate is concerned, and I have felt impelled to stand at your side, with aid as far as it can be given you, not far, indeed, but with earnest fervor.

" 'I pray you accept from Mrs. S. C. Hall and myself, expressions of cordial and affectionate regard and esteem. We are your fellow-workers, though in a humble way. May God give us strength to be more effective labourers in spreading the light that comes from his new revelation.

" 'Your faithful servant and friend,

" 'S. C. HALL, F.S.A.,

" 'Barrister-at-Law.'"

[We publish this letter from Judge Edmonds, in answer to an editorial which recently appeared in the *Boston Journal*, derogatory to the Judge and his belief in Spiritualism. This letter, written in the Judge's terse style, will be read with interest by every Spiritualist in the land. This attack of the *Journal* upon Judge Edmonds's sanity, reminds us of a capital anecdote pat to this occasion, and we give it. A case was on argument in

* In a recent notice of the Mumler photographs, poor *Punch* made one of his splendid misses with his baton. The tenor of it was that nothing can be photographed which is not visible to the naked eye; that ghosts are not visible to the naked eye, therefore, &c. Now, it is well settled that the plate is more sensitive than the eye, and it is, therefore, an unfortunate instance for *Punch* to shew his wisdom upon. The magnetic, or odic lights, which Baron Reichenbach photographed, are evidence of this. Ghosts have often been seen in looking-glasses, and had the plates been sensitive the figures could have been preserved upon them. The angels who supped with Abraham upon the calf which he killed for them, could, we suppose, have been photographed, only photography "was not found out till after that."—Ed. S. M.

the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, when one of the counsel cited a decision by the Supreme Court, of New York—"Opinion by Edmonds, Justice." When his adversary came to reply, he spoke slightly of it, as being by that "crazy New York Judge." "Humph," said the Chief Justice; "I wish we had more such crazy Judges."—*Banner of Light.*]

CLASSICAL AND MODERN NOTIONS OF THE RELATIONS BETWIXT MATTER AND SPIRIT.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

SPIRITUAL INFESTATIONS.

HAS any one ever remarked the striking correspondence betwixt the faith of the ancient Greeks and Romans, with regard to the power of spirits to put themselves in *rapport* with mortals through the influence of matter, and the phenomena of the present day demonstrating the same effect? In the two fabled descents into hell, of Ulysses in Homer's *Odyssey*, and of Æneas in Virgil, the heroes are made to perform sacrifices to the infernal powers. Blood is poured out, and sacrifices of flesh are made. Until this is done the spirits of Hades and of hell remain unconscious of the approach of mortals who are seeking from them the knowledge of the future. In Homer they are made to flock around in crowds at the scent of blood, and Ulysses has to scatter them with his sword:—

Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid
To all the phantom nations of the dead,
Then died the sheep; a purple torrent flowed,
And all the caverns smoked with streaming blood.
When lo! appeared along the dusky coasts
Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts;
Fair pensive youths, and soft enamoured maids,
And withered elders, pale and wrinkled shades.
Ghastly with wounds, the forms of warriors slain
Stalked with majestic port, a martial train!
These and a thousand more roamed o'er the ground,
And all the dire assembly shrieked around.

But though the scent of blood had aroused and attracted them, till they had tasted it they were not restored to full consciousness of the past and full recognition of the visitor. It was only after thus imbibing matter, that Anticlea, the mother of Ulysses, recognised her son:—

Still in the dark abodes of death I stood,
When near Anticlea moved and drank the blood.
Straight all the mother in her soul awakes,
And owning her Ulysses, thus she speaks.

It is only after the sanguine draft that Tiresias, the prophet, can see the future unrolled before him, and relate it :—

Eager he quaffed the gore, and then expressed
Dark things to come, the counsels of his breast.

One cannot avoid recognising the expression of a kindred belief in the constant sacrifices and pouring out of blood, even in the far higher worship and enquiry after the will of heaven amongst the Hebrews.

In Virgil the drinking of blood is not necessary, but the copious shedding of it is, and the influence of its aura on the crowding ghosts. Virgil had far advanced beyond Homer. Before his time the philosophy of the East had been poured into Greece, and thence into Rome. Pythagoras and his school had introduced the doctrine of the Metempsychosis, and Æneas is taught by Anchises in Hades that all living spirits owe their existence to the primal soul of the universe :—

Know first that heaven and earth's compacted frame,
And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights, one common soul
Inspires and feeds, and animates the whole.
This active mind, infused through all the space,
Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.
Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.
The ethereal vigour is in all the same :
And every soul is filled with equal flame
As much as earthly limbs and gross allay
Of mortal members subject to decay,
Blunt not the beams of heaven and edge of day.
From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts,
And grief and joy ; nor can the grovelling mind,
In the dark dungeon of the limbs confined,
Assert the native skies, or its own heavenly kind.

Those spotted with crimes and bloated with sensualism, are purged by the winds and fires of Hades, and after thorough bleaching, drink of Lethe, forget all the past, and enter fresh bodies for a fresh trial of their virtue. The rest pass on to Elysium. So far Allan Kardec would say, "All right ;" for Kardec was obsessed by old Pythagorean spirits, and had become the fully-believing modern mouth-piece of the old pagan souls.

Our concern, however, is with the belief of antiquity that the rehabilitation of conscious relationship betwixt embodied and disembodied souls can take place only through the mediumship of matter ; or that life of matter which resides in some principle inherent in all spirit. The spiritual messengers in Scripture frequently ate and drank with men—proving that they had invested themselves with material vehicles in which to appear ;

and in all the manifestations of modern times, the grand doctrine of mediumship is asserted as an indispensable condition and indisputable fact. Through what we call our electro-magnetic or odyllic atmosphere—the best name which the present status of science yet permits us—we are satisfied that the spirits who reveal themselves to us, effect that revelation. They enter by some common element of life into a direct and positive participation of our vital power. As in clairvoyants, they can thus pour their thoughts through us as freely to others as the electric message can be sent through the telegraphic wire. They can do more: they can by our living union with matter, themselves seize upon it; incorporate themselves in it, and probably *legionize* themselves in it; for having once established this *rapport*, they can exert through it infinitely greater physical force than we individually possess ourselves. Proofs of this are innumerable. The forces which have often lifted pieces of furniture which no dozen men could lift; which shook the great iron window in the House of Correction at Weinsberg, violently, which six men ordered by the Committee of Enquiry could move only a very little; the forces which on so many occasions, in Paris and elsewhere, as recorded in the Articles on Stone-throwing, have broken windows, flung stones from the upper air, of enormous weights, shaken whole rooms, &c., &c; which on other occasions, as in the recent extraordinary manifestations by Mr. Home, have made the human body invulnerable to fire,—all these are standing and multitudinous proofs of the existence of this power by which disembodied, dismaterialized spirits are enabled to lay hold on matter with a grasp and vigour beyond our own; and in that condition to possess all the modes of uttering their thoughts to us, by sounds, by motions, by writing, by drawing, by music, and by audible and distinctly articulated voice.

Nothing has become better known through the physico-spiritual experiences which have been taking place in thousands of spots, in almost every quarter of the globe,—taking place daily and hourly in America and Europe during the last twenty years, shew that we can not only “call spirits from the vasty deep,” but that “they will come when we do call;” if they can once quaff, if not the bowl, the vital spirit of the blood through us as mediums. They will come in legions and in armies, only too glad to renew their connection with the material world; to revive their former consciousness of earth and its sentient beings. They will come, as if delighted to feel their hold once more on material force, to throw things about them, and play antics like children in a moment of uproarious holiday exultation. They will come with all their old characters, passions, and weaknesses,

and revel in lies, in pretences, in mystifications, and often in lawless fun, or even wicked and diabolical annoyances, showing that the regions lying close on the other side of the invisible boundary betwixt matter and spirit, are still the counterpart of the regions on this side.

Nothing is clearer than that those spirits who are haunting the very edge of this earth, are still too much allied to it; are still earthly in mind and desire; are still longing with a backward glance "for the fleshpots of Egypt." Like the souls of "Gray's Elegy," they have left the warm precincts of the cheerful day, but cast a longing, lingering, look behind. As the tree falls so it lies. As on earth they cultivated only the spirit and tone of the earth;—as they gave up to it their whole soul, hope, ambition, and exertion;—as they moulded and incorporated their tastes, feelings, yearnings, and passions into its nature;—as they heaped up its riches as an eternal trophy from which nothing could sever them;—they have stepped into the spirit regions as aliens, having no possible heritage or enjoyment in them except in so far as these resemble those from which they have lately been ejected. An intense and agonizing yearning draws them back to the old haunts and conditions of being, and they snatch with frenzied and convulsive fingers at whatever and whoever affords them the mediumistic means of regaining something, more or less, of the taste and consciousness of earth-life. Hence all the phenomena of possession and obsession which history has recorded, and which modern times have shown terrible examples of; hence the wild and frantic demonstrations of Morzine. Hence cases of the most awful spiritual persecutions of particularly susceptible persons of to-day. These woful spirits, drenched with the sensuous elements of the life which they led on earth; selfish as they were then to the very inmost depths of their natures, rush with a reckless and gluttonous appetite into the tissues of unfortunately open constitutions, and exult in breathing, drinking in, gustating with a cruel and relentless ardour the sensations and odours of this mortal life once more. That is the only possible re-incarnation which can take place; that is it which the spirits of France are continually teaching and seeking to realize.

It has long been observed that the spirits which through mediumship take firm hold on matter are not those who take the same hold on mind. They are those which perform the physical phenomena of stone-throwings: of transporting furniture and other heavy bodies. Which perform the extraordinary manifestations of the Davenport; not merely moving matter, but investing their own hands and arms in it so as to become visible and palpable. These, though they are evidently not elevated, are

not mischievous. On the contrary, they have clearly their offices assigned them, and very essential ones, those of appealing to minds so far imbruted by sensuous life, or obnubilated by modern materialistic doctrines, as to be capable of receiving no higher evidences of the invisible. To these, however, the more purely spiritual revelations do not belong. Each grade of soul comes to its own. The mediumship of moral and religious teachings; of prediction; of writing; of drawing; of performing ethereal music; of direct inspiration in warning, attracting directing, elevating, consoling, and spiritually strengthening, and angelicising, is of a more fine and sensitive nature; and operates through minds of a higher and generally noble character. Through those, in fact, who are organized for superior action, or who cultivate higher aims.

There is one phase of this contact with lower spheres of spirit life which has struck us with astonishment, and which has not only been solemnly asseverated to us by such spirits, but the same class has made the same declarations to others in different places, and to persons having no acquaintance or communication with each other. It is a fact too well known, that those open to spiritual impression experience the most different conditions. To some, all is peace and sunshine. Their inspirations are all pure, holy, true and encouraging. No falsehood shocks their moral sense; no malevolence tinges their spiritual receptions; nothing foul or hideous haunts their imaginations, or their dreams. They live in the sphere of a divine lucidity; they enjoy the perpetual inbreathings of hallowed affection, and are shielded from dangers and temptations by allies and counsellors that are as clear to their spiritual vision as are the daily forms of their household to their outward sight. Their life's pilgrimage is like a highway cast up through a pleasant country, and fortified by towers and watch-houses at short intervals; garrisoned by friendly forces which repel whatever is hostile or inconvenient. They trust in God, and his warriors and wise ministers seem commissioned expressly for their service.

Far different is the condition of others. They desire good equally and earnestly; they pray fervently and continuously for it; but evil is with them. With them the approach of spirits is not a visit, nor simply a visitation, but an inroad. They come, the door once open, in crowds, in mobs, in riotous invasions. They run, they leap, they fly, they gesticulate, they sing, they whoop and they curse. They are the most merry and the most bitter of mockers. Wit looms in their words, like flashes of infernal lightning; pantomime is in their action; laughter in their eyes; and a horror which no assumption of innocence can veil is the effluvia of their presence. There is no question with

the wretched sufferers of their phantasmagorial assaults that they are the life and quintessence of hell. Nor is it the mind only of the unfortunate one which they haunt; they have a power over his material movements. They move and remove articles; they fling and toss; they hide and steal; they put things where they ought not to be; they take them from whence they should constantly be. Mind, body, soul, memory, and imagination,—nay, the very heart,—are polluted by the ghostly *canaille*; and the sanctuary of life and dwelling are invaded, disordered, desecrated, and made miserable by them. We have known such sufferers, and know them still. When they have written praying for advice how to get rid of this pestilence, we could only say, “Pray with all your might for it; and stick close to the Saviour who cast out these tormentors in his earth-life. Pray without ceasing; pray in the might and faith of Christ.”

It has been in vain! No prayer, no agony of petition, no persistence of a holy and wrestling exorcism has been able to dislodge the foul and murderous crew. There they were and there they are!

Now who can fathom the mystery of this unequal allotment? We may ask, why is it thus under a God who is no respecter of persons; and a Christ anointed in blood to wrest the victory from the unholy one, and to trample down the power of wickedness in high places? We ask,—but who can answer? The world abounds with the spectacles of gigantic and age-enduring injustices. Oppressions stalk through the kingdoms and the cities and the villages, and laws are multiplied for their extinction, and communities band together for their restraint, and they remain. Widows weep in secret; orphans starve in squalor and famine; the just man writhes under the stratagems of the unjust. “One man dieth in his full strength, being wholly at ease and quiet; his breasts are full of milk, and his bones are full of marrow; and another dieth in the bitterness of his soul, and never eateth with pleasure. They shall lie down alike in the dust, and worms shall cover them.” (Job xxi. 23) One nation tramples down another with iron heel and the bloody engines of most unrighteous war, and the oppressor is crowned with glory by the foolish sons of men, and no God launches his thunders on the guilty head.

Since the earth bore on its bosom that strange thing, that gory robber, that insatiable murderer—man, these old horrors have cried to heaven for vengeance; and have cried, according to the visible course of things, in vain. One of these enigmas is not more inexplicable than the other. “We look for a new heaven and a new earth in which dwelleth righteousness,” and there only we must look for the sphere of recompense. It is not

here ; and we can only say with the great moral dramatist of Chaldea : " Can any man teach God knowledge."

But we have not yet reached the abyssmal depth of the dark mysteries of the spirit world. There is a fact more startling still, if these spirit prowlers on the border lands of life are to be credited on their own assurances. When asked, and that by different persons in different places—" Why do you intrude on me, and persist in your intrusion, though commanded to depart ?" The answer has been, " Because we live on you. Through your atmosphere we enter into the atmosphere of human life. That is our happiness ; we know none else. We have none here ; here all is dark, barren, and joyless. We long to be back again in the warm, bright life of the earth ; and we achieve it through you. You are our highway, our bridge, our door, along which we travel, over which we pass, and through which we enter, and again possess the heritage we had lost. In your emanations we revel ; through your nostrils we once more snuff up the aromas of the earth, the scent of the feast and the wine-cup ; through your eyes open upon us, as of old, all the sweet varieties of life."

Struck with horror, one of these persecuted sufferers exclaimed—" But this is a species of spiritual vampirism !"

" How so ?" asked one of the tormentors. " Every grade of animal life lives upon another. For your physical sustenance you live on the animal tribes, for your spiritual sustenance you live on Christ. He gave and gives Himself for the food of mankind. By His flesh and blood you exist ; He is that living bread which came down from heaven, and we live on you and through you."

Revolting and hideous, as is this idea of countless swarms of base spirits, surging back from the invisible coasts to the legitimately abandoned earth, and gasping for recovered snatches of the existence that the healthy progress of development has rightfully closed to them, are there not a thousand evidences of the truth of the assertion ? Whether they are conscious of it or not, are not the multitudes of our race continually displaying the effects of the worst supernaturalism upon them ? Could the monstrous infatuation of modern intoxication with all its crimes and horrors originate in a simply natural thirst ? Impossible ! Nothing but spiritual thirst kindled in hell could produce the marvellous madness which we see around us. Nothing but the hosts of the fire-throated drunkards of the ages could thus inspirit the million to their destruction. Nothing but the old anarchists of slaughter, the Prussian and the Corsican, maddened with the blood of myriads, could still stir the nations to a dire insanity like that of war. Nothing but Laud and the infatuated and godless Stuart could

revive the present ecclesiastical tom-foolery of a mountebank ritualism. Nothing but the baleful breath of the Atheists of the Seventeenth Century could revive in this age the Atheism of a Comte. Nothing but the lights of ancient Paganism could inoculate their "out-worn creed" on Spiritualism, or the ancient Pythagoreans render re-incarnation readmissible to the educated brain which had once been imbued with the upward and ever upward flame of Christianity. The world is in fierce conflict with the giant hosts of ancient deluders and destroyers; and the battle goes on all the more easily for the zealots of the invisible spheres, because they have persuaded the masters of science and education that they, the unseen, have no part in it. Cut on this account it ought to determine those who see and acknowledge the armed legions pressing on us from the so-called dead, to stand fast by the only revelation which proclaims "Peace on earth and good will towards men;" and opens the eternal gates of Paradise to every human creature who "does justice, loves mercy, and walks humbly before God."

The healthy exercise of the senses, passions, and faculties of mankind, could by no possibility produce the folly, insane wickedness, and misery which runs riot through the ranks of all society. It requires the concentrated force of the lower realms of demoralized and distorted life, flung on the heart of humanity to produce the monstrous effects which we witness.

But, say the wise and prudent, if this be Spiritualism, every sensible soul ought to reprobate and renounce it. If by renouncing and ignoring we could shut out and stave off all the evil influences from the invisible, by all means let us renounce and ignore. But the vast inspirations from the malevolent and destructive which we have been remarking on, result from no cultivation of Spiritualism. They operate unconsciously and independently on the masses, credulous or incredulous, educated or uneducated, refined or vulgar. The calamities of war, of intoxication, and the other self or mutually inflicted crimes and follies of mankind are too hideous and extraordinary to result from any mere natural cause. They are, as the apostles tell us, set on fire by hell, and by the "powers and principalities, against whom we wrestle, not against mere flesh and blood; by the rulers of the darkness of this world, the spiritual wickedness in high places." Those human excesses which pollute and desolate the earth from age to age, in spite of religion and in spite of the highest reach of civilization, are too monstrous and too mad to result from any simple incentives of human infirmity. They proclaim their origin from the accumulated sorceries of the pandemoniums of the past.

So in isolated cases of spirit persecution, they have generally

come to the individuals not the individuals to them. The luckless people who, from time to time, find the powers of riot and demolition busy in their houses, and raising the wonder of newspapers and sceptics, have had no contact with Spiritualism. The saints and ascetics who in hundreds of cases have mosaicked history, with the strange chequer-work of their infestations, have incurred this evil by simply seeking to escape from evil. Görres in his "*Diabolische Mystik*," has collected hundreds of such cases. St. Anthony and St. Dunstan differed only in their power and spirit to do battle with the nuisance. The poor people of Morzine, and the bishop who attempted in vain to exorcise the nuisance, were no conjurors nor dabblers in the mysteries of the occult.

Bunyan, whose life at times they made a terror of darkness and blasphemy, paid no court or homage to them, but to very different powers. Cowper, whose poetry is especially conspicuous for its sober and sound sense, coquetted with no pseudo nymphs from Orcus, but was driven by them through the deepest caverns of despair, and to the very verge, time upon time, of suicide. By a recent Memoir of the Abbé Lamennais, we find that was exactly his condition also. The soul-murderers were upon him with all their infernal power. They murdered his peace as completely as if he had been the most desperate of criminals; and that noble spirit which preached the religion of purity and love in its divinest truth and beauty, was the prey to the most agonising despairs.

The fact is that a dark "*imperium in imperio*" is rife in the earth whose potentate has been "a murderer from the beginning." It is a terrible and unrelenting force, which maddens whole nations into mutual slaughter; which makes popular the strangest delusions in those who imagine themselves to have outgrown all delusions; which spreads drunkenness like a lava torrent through the labouring masses, making murders, suicides, and miserable wives and children the baleful additions to their poverty; which throngs our mad-houses, and makes mad-houses of our churches; which drugs the streams of knowledge with atheism, and with all this in, around, and amongst us, teaches our wise ones to believe and predicate that we are delightfully off if we can but think so. Of all madness that is the greatest which teaches us to ignore the frenzy which possesses us, and treats as superstition the enquiry into what so wofully ails us. Swedenborg tells us that there is a clean sweep of these propagators of mortal mischief every thirty years. If it be so, we do not seem much the better for it here.

What shall we do then? Let us still seek for more light on the dark disease of humanity; let us seek for closer unity

with the Father of lights and of men ; let us pray the prayer of Ajax, still, while the darkness of this ancient mystery lies on us :—

Lord of earth and air !
Oh king ! oh Father ! hear our humble prayer :
Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore ;
Give us to see, and we will ask no more ;
If we must perish, we thy will obey,
But let us perish in the *face of day* !

TWELVE MONTHS' SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA.

By J. H. POWELL.

PART IV.

I HAVE already alluded to some spirit-photographs taken by Mrs. Butler, of Buffalo, and shown to me by Mrs. Burtis, of Rochester, whilst I was at her house. Feeling, however, that this was a phase of the subject particularly open to exception and self-deception, I determined, if possible, to test the matter for myself. Accordingly, I visited Mrs. Butler at her Photographic Gallery, 250, Main Street, Buffalo. She is a short, dark woman of about 40 years of age.

I told her that I was desirous of testing her medium power for spirit-photographs, and she readily promised to give me the opportunity of doing so.

Accordingly I visited her by appointment, and was desired by her to watch the entire process of preparing the plates and developing and fixing the pictures. Four negatives were taken, from three of which I hold prints. I sat as persons ordinarily sit for a photograph, strongly desiring (mentally) that these spirits, father and mother, would impress themselves on the negative beside me. I must confess that I did not expect, although I hoped to be able to recognize any figures that might appear on the plates.

Mrs. Butler, had she desired, could not by any means have imposed on me without detection. I watched her movements too closely ; and even went into the semi-dark room with her, taking the negatives as they were finished from her hand. I distinctly saw the figures impressed thereon, but could not, of course, distinguish the features. I waited anxiously the process of printing, calling in upon the lady every few hours until she was prepared to hand me the first perfect copy.

A thrill, such as I never before experienced, shot from my head downwards at the first glance. There, sure enough, was the likeness of my father, who died in London, some 4,000 miles away, six or eight months previously. I was staggered. I looked at it until I began to reason myself against the fact. The figure is quite plain, the face wearing the hue of death.

Mrs. Butler promised to give me, in the course of a few days, a print from each of the other negatives. The second one was a settler to all my doubts. It is a most wonderful portrait of my father, as he looked, when in the form, on the eve of my departure from the old land. I would not hesitate, if necessary, to take oath that this is a correct likeness.

The third one contains a figure of a female to the right, which, I have reason to believe, is a portrait of my mother, but cannot speak with certainty, as she left this earth for the spirit home when I was a mere boy. My father's face is visible just above my head; and in my arms is the head of a little spaniel dog, which figure I did not observe for some weeks after, when I arrived home in Vineland, New Jersey, 500 miles away from Buffalo.

The fourth and last picture contained nothing of a recognitionary character except my own portrait; that I gave to a friend.

I resolved not to acquaint even my wife (by letter) with the fact that I had succeeded in obtaining a spirit likeness of my father, as I wished to see if she would recognize the portrait without receiving any prompting from me.

I received calls to lecture in Canada West, and thus, without additional expense, was gratified with a couple of visits to the far-famed Niagara Falls. I only visited Jordan and St. Catherine's, in the British Dominions, at both of which places I lectured on Spiritualism, but found the people outside in general quite indifferent to the subject. My impression of Canada is that it is two centuries behind the old country in Spiritual progress. Old opinions of every character have taken deep root in the mental soil, and it will take a good deal of digging to root them up.

On my return to Buffalo I sat with a Mrs. Preston, an excellent clairvoyant, who had come with her husband from the West. I had decided to lecture in Geneva, and Cleveland, Ohio; and then return to my family, whom I had not seen for nearly five months. She told me that I must not think of going home; it was only a lazy feeling. The spirits had a good work for me out West, and I must press on. I replied that I wanted to return home, and should do so when my engagements would permit. "If you do return, you will lose some of your

property on the way." I fulfilled my engagements, finishing at Cleveland, and took cars for Philadelphia, Pa., and from thence to Vineland. I had with me a couple of carpet bags and an overcoat, a new one I brought from England. These I had when I reached Philadelphia. The last 30 miles to Vineland passed pleasantly. I sat beside a gentleman, from the South, who was a personal friend of Poe, the poet. He interested me much with details in connection with the life and death of Poe. When I left the train for my home I suddenly recollected the prophecy of the spirit at Buffalo, and, carrying my two carpet bags, felt that I had proved the prophet to be false. Three days passed: I wanted my overcoat, and discovered, to my amazement, that it was not to be found. From that day to this I have not seen it.

I now return to the spirit photographs. I placed them in such a position to the light as to make the extra figures to my own shew to the best advantage, and, calling my wife, asked her to look at my photograph. She exclaimed, instantly, "There's your father!" I called my little son, ten years old, and, pointing to the figure, asked him who it was. He replied, without hesitation, "Grandfather." I have since shewn them to Dr. J. B. Ferguson, who knew my father, and he recognized the portrait. My wife and I went to pay a visit to a friend in Vineland, at whose house we met a lady named Smith, a medium of no common order. She approached my wife, and said that Francis, her brother, was there; and then described him with music notes in his hand. This appeared to us a good test, as he was an excellent singer. She next said to me that a spirit, calling herself "Sarah," was there, who purported to be my mother. I said, "If you are my mother, will you tell me about my spirit photographs?" "Yes." "Is that female likeness meant for you?" "Yes; it is a good portrait; and I brought the dog which is in your arms as a test." I instantly recollected that, when I was a boy not fourteen years old, my father brought home a little Blenheim spaniel, of which I was over fond. The dog, in fact, was my most frequent companion. I used to whistle her into bed with me of a morning so soon as I heard my father leave the house for his work. In course of time my pet dog died, and I cried with genuine grief. A cousin was staying with us, and she and I resolved to give "Flora" a Christian burial. I dug a grave in the front garden, and the corpse was interred therein, my cousin reading the funeral service in solemn tones whilst I dropped some gravel upon it to the words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." This ceremony was to us no burlesque: it was sacredly and solemnly performed. After I had filled in the grave I placed a tablet

over it, and wrote, "Here lies Flora Powell, who departed this life," &c. Under this inscription was a verse, I believe the first verse I ever composed, setting forth the virtues of the deceased; and I erected a hedge round the grave, which gave a singular appearance to the little garden. My father came home from his work, and, expressing displeasure with me, made me pull down the hedge and grave rail. As I grew up I lost recollection of this incident in my child life. About a quarter of a century ago when I wrote my *Life Incidents* I failed to remember it, or I should certainly have made mention of it.

I obtained a photograph of myself in which my father's likeness appears; another on which my mother's supposed portrait is fixed, together with the image of a little spaniel dog which rests on my arm. My father, mother, and dog all lived and died in England, a distance of nearly 4,000 miles from Buffalo. What theory but Spiritualism can account for these strange facts? It may be urged that my mind in some mysterious way influenced the sensitive plates in the production of my father's and mother's likenesses. But this cannot be said of the dog's portrait, for I not only did not think of the dog, but did not discover it in the photograph for some weeks after leaving Buffalo, and reaching my home in Vineland.

I do not care to discuss here the question of the immortality of dogs, or how spirits could have reflected the image of my spaniel. I only state the fact, and leave the curious in these matters to settle for themselves if they can the question of *how* the dog's likeness was fixed in the negative. I am quite recompensed for my visit to America in the possession of these photographs. They are absolute *verités* to me. If I could doubt or suspect manifestations of a general kind given through various mediums, I could have no shade of doubt or suspicion with such evidence as these present to me. I have written to Mrs. Butler for duplicates to send to my friends in England; copies of which I designed to transmit to the Editors of the *Spiritual Magazine*; but I have received no reply. If they ever come to hand I shall not fail to send them on. I value my own copies too much to risk their loss by sending them through the post.

It may add to the interest of these photographs to say that Mrs. Butler, at her husband's death, was employed as an assistant photographic artist, and tells me that she has often cried for hours because she saw shadows on her negatives, and could not account for them, or get, as she thought, perfect ones. Being a writing medium she frequently received communications from spirits, all written in different styles. Her

husband's spirit came to her and explained that she would obtain spirit photographs—that the shadows on her negatives were efforts in that direction.

I saw a book filled with spirit communications, some of them written and dated seven years ago, where the praise of spirit pictures is frequently given, and advice from her husband as to the best chemicals to employ.

I have witnessed manifestations since my residence in Boston through the mediumship of Laura V. Ellis, a girl about 15 years of age, who has a cabinet similar to the Davenport's, and gets, in some respects, similar phenomena. I have also seen Mrs. Cushman, musical medium, of Charlestown, Massachussetts, whose manifestations for the past nine years have astonished thousands. She holds the end of a guitar, allowing the instrument to rest on the lap of one of the circle, when a most beautiful tune is played in the light. Many persons testify to seeing the fingers that thrumb the strings.

Charles H. Read is, in some respects, by far the best physical medium I have seen. His rooms are in Boston. I have witnessed several of his manifestations. Iron rings are brought by strangers, and, in the twinkling of an eye, placed on his arms whilst they are bound together by fastenings. He will take the whole of a circle individually, and allow them to place one hand on his head and the other on his shoulder, when they will each declare that they were touched by hands in various parts of the body, and express surprise to find the medium divested of his coat. I had this experience, and can vouch for it, as can scores of my acquaintance.

Mr. Read has lately been before the professors of Harward College, and I understand that they were all "puzzled;" but I don't expect anything to come out of it, as these sage individuals are not careful to report in favour of Spiritualism.

I have visited the *Banner of Light* circles three times since I have been here. Mrs. Conant is a remarkable medium. She gives circles three times a week, and answers sealed letters as well as questions of a polemical and scientific character. The *Banner of Light* office is quite an institute. Luther Colby, Editor-in-Chief, is a thoroughly competent newspaper editor. He is himself a medium, and acts mostly from impression. He and his assistant editor, Mr. Wilson, have no easy task to keep the *Banner* waving; but they press on with a purpose. God help them!

Boston, November 26th, 1868.

THE ECSTATIC IN BELGIUM.

THE Roman Catholic *Tablet* gives a detailed account of the extraordinary religious trances, to which a servant girl living at the village of Bois d'Haisne, in Belgium, is alleged to be subject. Our contemporary says its account is derived from the eminent Dominican, who was appointed by the bishop of the diocese to investigate the case.

He arrived at the village of Bois d'Haisne, at the house of the Lafans, about one o'clock in the day. Louisa was at that very moment in one of her mysterious trances; but the venerable Provincial was only disposed to doubt, since her appearance was perfectly natural. However, the parish priest, who accompanied him, soon convinced him of the reality by shaking her violently, and then sticking pins into her arms and legs without producing the smallest effect upon her; nor did blood flow from the punctures, though they were deep. Finding that she was entirely insensible, they proceeded to examine her hands and feet, in which they found the distinct marks of the *stigmata*. There were also marks of the crown of thorns round her head, but there was no trace of blood in any of the wounds. After about a quarter of an hour's observation, the priest recalled her to consciousness by the simple words, "Well, Louisa." She opened her eyes quite naturally, and then saw the Provincial. The priest explained to her that he had been sent by the bishop to investigate the matter. In answer to his inquiry as to what she had seen in her ecstasy, she replied that she had been assisting in the bearing of the cross. He was very much struck both with her simplicity and ignorance. She was merely a peasant girl, and nothing more. The priest having left the house, the Provincial resolved to remain and watch the case; but that he might not appear to be doing so, he took out his breviary and began to say his office. He remarked only that she turned to the east, and that her expression was one of singular modesty and recollection. At a little before two o'clock she gave a deep sigh and lifted up her hands. Soon her watcher perceived a stream of blood to issue from the wound in her left hand, which could not have been caused by any instrument or other agency, as she had not moved from her arm chair, and her hands did not touch each other. Tears flowed from her eyes and fell unheeded on her cheek. Her expression changed to one expressing great anguish, a kind of foam escaped from her lips, and filled her mouth. At a quarter to three she fell, her arm being extended in the shape of a cross, and her feet separated, while

her head was lying on the ground. Her sister ran to put cloths under her head and feet, the former being lifted with great difficulty. Her face was warm, but her hands and feet were icy cold, as if dead, while the pulse apparently ceased to beat. At three o'clock she moved, crossing her feet a little, and assuming exactly the attitude of Christ on the cross. Thus she remained till four o'clock, when she suddenly rose, knelt with clasped hands, and seemed to pray with the utmost fervour. Her body during this time appeared as if it scarcely touched the ground. After about ten minutes she seated herself again in the arm chair, resuming her attitude of modest recollection, and the Provincial thought she would soon be herself again; but the most curious phenomena were yet to come. After a few seconds, her expression became painfully distressed; she lifted her arms again in the shape of a cross, sighing heavily, and greenish foam again escaping from her mouth, while the mark of the crown of thorns on her head became more and more distinct. Suddenly she burst forth in a loud cry, and bowed her head. At that moment her body had all the appearance of death; her face was deadly pale, and even cadaverous; her lips were black and livid; her eyes glassy, open, and apparently without life. At a quarter past five she closed her hands, and her whole body assumed the appearance of our Saviour when laid in the sepulchre. A few moments after, the colour returned to her cheeks, and her face assumed an expression of intense beatitude. The parish priest came back at this moment, and, taking a lamp of petroleum, put it close to her eyes without her perceiving it. The Provincial pricked her feet, both on the soles and on the upper parts, without her feeling it in the smallest degree. At a quarter past six she suddenly became perfectly natural, the pulse began to beat as usual, and she was "herself" again. The Provincial then proceeded to question her minutely as to what she had seen and felt during those hours of ecstasy. Her answers were simple and straightforward as those of a child. She had been allowed to participate, as it were, in the whole Passion of Our Lord. Her description of His Person, and that of His Mother, and their dress, &c., were in exact accordance with the tradition of the church. When asked anything beyond this she simply replied, "I did not remark," "I don't know." She had no recollection of anything she had herself done during her ecstasy. She seemed to think little or nothing of these extraordinary visions, and did not attribute to herself any merit or holiness in consequence. She is a tertiary of St. Francis, but knows very little of his history. In answer to some further questions which were put to her, she replied that she had never been spoken to by Our Lord, and

that she had seen the evil one under various forms ; but when she mentioned him she seemed filled with a great fear. The following morning she was at the parish church, and received the holy communion at the hands of the Provincial with the greatest reverence. The priest's housekeeper being absent, she came to the presbytery to prepare the breakfast. The Provincial was struck with her brisk and healthy appearance, and could scarcely imagine that he beheld in the bright, simple servant girl before him the "ecstatica" who in a few hours probably would again be undergoing this mysterious conformity to the sufferings of our blessed Lord.

GLASGOW MESMERIC AND PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE first social meeting of the Glasgow Mesmeric and Psychological Society was held on 15th June, in the Wellington Rooms Sauchiehall Street. Mr. J. W. Jackson, who is the president of both societies, presided. After tea he congratulated the members of the societies present upon having entered upon a new career, and referred to the recent combination of the two societies ; the Mesmeric Society having previously existed for eight years in its separate capacity, while the Psychologists had had a briefer history, and were known up till January last by the title of "The Glasgow Association Spiritualists." Addressing himself, in the first place, to the Mesmerists, he observed that the question of the establishment of Mesmerism as one of the branches of the healing art was a question of life and death to thousands, as a great variety of diseases had been cured by Mesmerism where the conventional remedies had failed. Their object was also to prevent disease as well as to cure it. The most of the diseases that afflicted humanity had no right to exist in the form in which they were observed. The spirit of the age being a grossly material one was against them ; people wanted to see and to taste all their medicines ; but it was their duty to persevere and enlighten the age as to the truth of their science. While the Mesmerists had been devoting themselves to the practical part of the subject, the Psychologists had been endeavouring to investigate the mental constitution of man. While great progress had been made in the realm of physics, little or no progress had been made in Psychology or metaphysics. He considered that the great progress in physical science was caused by the adoption of the inductive method of

investigation by the physical philosophers, and he was happy to say that the Psychological Society had also adopted the inductive method in their investigations into man's mental constitution.

Mr. Cyrus Gracie, secretary of the Mesmeric Society, on reading his report, said they had been labouring hard for the last two sessions, doing what they could to enlighten the public by public meetings, and teaching the science of curative Mesmerism to classes, and referred to the healing work and the various operations in which the society had been engaged.

Mr. George Duncan addressed the meeting on the present position of Spiritualism in Glasgow and the controversy regarding it in the *Glasgow Herald*. He considered that the *Herald's* conduct was very unfair; it allowed correspondents to make charges against the Spiritualists, but would not allow them to reply. He had sent two letters to the *Herald*, but they were not inserted. When he was writing against Spiritualism and opposed to it he could get his letters published, but they would not publish his letters now that he was in favour of it. The present position of Spiritualism in Glasgow was very satisfactory. Mediums were being developed, and they expected to be able to have public *séances* in their rooms next sessions.

Dr. George Sexton was the next speaker. Although he had not, like Mr. Duncan, become a convert to Spiritualism, or rather to the spiritual theory, he had studied curative Mesmerism for over 25 years, and had advocated it because he was convinced that it was an agency that was calculated, if properly applied, to do an immense amount of good; and although the medical faculty and clergy had opposed it, and were still opposed to it, great progress had been made. He urged them to pursue their labours with renewed earnestness and vigour, and then truth would ultimately triumph, as a body of men, even of small talent, whose heart was really in their work, would do more towards moving the masses than corporations composed of men of great talent who were simply playing a part. The men who in all ages had accomplished great results were men of genuine earnestness and sincerity.

Mr. G. B. Clarke, in addressing the meeting, spoke in favour of a more intimate union of all students of the occult sciences in Glasgow, showing some of its advantages, and referred in a humorous manner to the agitation for union in the Presbyterian Churches of Britain and America, and the Pope's invitation to the bishops of the Eastern and Western Churches.

In the course of the evening the intellectual part of the entertainment was varied by duets and songs, which were effectively rendered by Miss Eliza Kinnon and Messrs. Kinnon

and Wilson, and Mr. Andrew Cross gave two recitations—"The Raven" and "The Bridge of Sighs." The proceedings, which were of a very pleasant and agreeable character, terminated by a vote of thanks to the Chairman and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the company.

BRAIN WAVES.

THE columns of the *Spectator* recently contained communications from various correspondents, conveying instances of what the writers call "brain wave," in which, as from sympathy, persons had been mentally influenced by acts done by other persons when at a distance. Among others, the Rev. Walter L. Clay, vicar of Rainhill, has given the following anecdote, which he "considers as pretty and complete an instance of a brain wave" as the *Spectator's* first correspondent on the subject could desire. Mr. Clay says:—

"I have heard my father tell the story so often, that there can be no reason why I should not tell it again in print. Whether the condition you lay down, that the real shall also be a well-known name is satisfied in his case it is for you to judge. But to philanthropists in general, and prison reformers in particular, John Clay, of Preston, is, I think, a familiar name.

"On a Sunday afternoon, about thirty years ago (the precise date I cannot recall) my mother, and my eldest sister, then about eight years old, were sitting together in the dining room at home. No one else was in the house, except a younger child, his nurse, and another servant; all the rest of the family were absent at a neighbouring church, and my father was at the gaol. He was due at home in about half an hour, it then being nearly four o'clock. The afternoon was very wet, but very still, the rain falling in torrents, but with an even, steady down-pour. While sitting thus my mother heard footsteps approach, and presently some one opened and passed through the yard door. (This yard door faced on to the road; it was then a country road, and the nearest house was full 500 yards distant; and any one going to the front door would have to pass this yard door, the dining room windows, another window, and then turn round the corner of the house through a gate in the garden.) She was a good deal startled, more especially because this door, according to domestic regulations, ought to have been locked. She roused herself to listen with all her might, and heard distinctly—all the more distinctly as the house was so quiet—the person

who had opened the yard door enter the house by the back door, traverse a passage in the basement storey, open the door at the foot of the back stairs, mount the back stairs, and enter the front hall. But by this time she was completely re-assured, for she had recognized my father's footstep. He put his umbrella into the stand with a rattling noise, took off his top-coat and shook it, and then came through the inner hall into the dining room. The hall door and dining-room door were both ajar, so she easily heard all this. He went up to the fire, and resting his elbow on the mantelpiece and one foot on the fender, stood there for a few moments drying himself. At length she said, "You must be very wet; had you not better go and change your clothes at once?"—"Yes," he replied, I think I had better do so;" and so he turned, left the room, and went up stairs to his dressing room. As he did not come down again for more than half an hour, my mother followed him, to see what was the cause of his delay. To her astonishment, she found his room empty, and no sign of his having been there. She searched through all the rooms on the same landing, but could not find him, and at length came down stairs again puzzled and frightened; but trying to calm herself with the supposition that, although she had not noticed his departure, he must have left the house again, for some purpose or other. But while she sat there, still flurried and uneasy, she heard again the same footsteps approaching, the same opening of the yard door, the same entrance by the back door, the same traversing of the passage down-stairs, and mounting by the back stairs into the hall, the same putting down of the umbrella and shaking of the coat, and then my father came into the room, walked up to the fire, and placed his elbow on the mantel-piece and foot on the fender, just as he had done before. 'Why, where have you been?' exclaimed my mother, as soon as she could speak, after the first gasp of amazement. 'Been?' said he, turning round and noticing for the first time her excitement and distress, 'I have been at the gaol as usual.'—'Oh, you know, that's not what I mean. I mean, where have you been since you came in by the back door, just as you have done just now, rather more than half an hour since?'—'I don't understand you at all; I have come straight from the gaol, and never been in the house since I left this morning.'—'Oh! it's too bad, playing jokes like this to frighten me, when you know I am not well.' (My mother was in delicate health at the time.) And then, in answer to his amazed questions, she poured out the story I have told you.

"I believe the incident happened exactly as I have narrated. I have heard my father tell the story repeatedly, and he was singularly truthful and accurate. My mother's account, too,

tallied precisely with his. My sister cannot now, I think, distinguish between what she recollects and what she has so often heard and related. But my father at the time questioned her as to what she had seen and heard, and her account was that 'I saw mamma get up suddenly and go into papa's dressing-room, and then she went into all the rooms up stairs as if she was looking for something, and then she came down and looked as if something was the matter; but she wouldn't answer me when I asked her what it was.'

"When my mother told her story, my father instantly recollected that as he left the gaol the thought occurred to him, when he saw how heavy the rain was, that if he found the yard door unlocked he would go in that way—a thing which he very seldom did—to avoid going round the corner to the front door; and the thought having once occurred, he mentally rehearsed the circumstances of his entrance—doing in the spirit precisely what he afterwards did in the body. The distance from the gaol to our home at 'East Cliff' was rather more than two miles, and as this corresponds with my mother's 'rather more than half an hour,' the conclusion is obvious that while the *imago* of the yard door, back stairs, &c., was present in his brain, his *imago* was simultaneously present in my mother's brain.

"The Editor of the *Spectator* also publishes the following from the pen of the Dowager Lady Lyttleton. He says:—

"We have also received the following curious narrative, for the authenticity of which, so far at least, as the form goes in which she received it from Sir Thomas Williams, the Dowager Lady Lyttleton, who is still living, herself vouches:—

"Admiral Sir Thomas Williams, a straightforward and excellent man, founder of the Royal Naval Female School, for the education of naval officers' daughters, was in command of a ship crossing the Atlantic Ocean. His course brought him within sight of the Island of Ascension, at that time uninhabited, and never visited by any ship except for the purpose of collecting turtles, which abound on the coast. The island was barely described on the horizon, and was not to be noticed at all; but as Sir Thomas looked at it, he was seized by an unaccountable desire to steer towards it. He felt how strange such a wish would appear to his crew, and tried to disregard it, but in vain. His desire became more and more urgent and distressing, and foreseeing that it would soon be more difficult to gratify it, he told his lieutenant to prepare to 'put about ship,' and steer for Ascension. The officer to whom he spoke ventured respectfully to represent that changing their course would greatly delay them—that just at that moment the men were going to their

dinner—that, at least, some delay might be allowed. But these arguments seemed to increase Captain Williams's anxiety, and he gave the word of command, which is never resisted. He saw in the countenances of his officers an expression of wonder and even blame, as strong as is ever shown on an order from the captain; but he was obeyed; and the ship was steered towards the uninteresting little island. All eyes and spy glasses were now fixed upon it, and soon something was perceived on the shore. 'It is white—it is a flag—it must be a signal!' and when they neared the shore, they ascertained that 16 men, wrecked on that coast many days before, and suffering the extremity of hunger, had set up a signal, though almost without a hope of relief. The shipwrecked men were taken on board, and the voyage completed. Sir Thomas related this anecdote in the simplest and most tranquil manner, A.D. 1813 (years after the date of its occurrence), to the writer of this account.

"S. L.

"Hagley Hall, May 6, 1868."

A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR VARLEY.

MR. C. F. VARLEY, C.E., F.R.G.S., wrote the following letter to Mr. Dyte, the secretary of the Dialectical Society, from Brest, just before the starting, on board of the Great Eastern, with the French Atlantic Cable:—

"Fleetwood-house, Beckenham, Kent,

"June 16, 1869.

"My dear Sir,—Last Monday week I witnessed at a *séance* a phenomenon which is new to me. There were nine ladies and gentlemen present. The *séance* was held in a private house, the residence of an engineer, in a room unburdened with an excess of furniture, and with sufficient light to enable us to distinguish the features of all present, the light being furnished by a street lamp outside, as well as by the twilight, the two windows being uncovered either by blinds or shutters.

"The medium present was Mr. D. D. Home. The company consisted of the son of an earl of considerable talents, three civil engineers, including myself, a private gentleman, and four ladies, two of whom are well known for their ability. Two of the company were sceptics receiving their first lesson.

"The usual phenomena took place, such as the raising of the table bodily from the floor, the tilting of it in various

directions, and pushing us about the room, mental questions being answered by raps, to the great astonishment of the novices, one of whom was very properly very sharp in demanding proof and making close scrutiny.

"Opposite one of the ladies, and about 12 inches from the nearest hand, there was lying on the table a scent-bottle, about 4 inches long by $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch broad. The table was a large round one of mahogany, without any cover. Mr. Home was on the opposite side of the table to the bottle. One of the engineers and one of the ladies present possessed the power of seeing what Reichenbach calls the flames from magnetic poles, and these two saw a pyramid of light over the scent bottle, whilst two others, endowed with clairvoyant vision of a deeper kind, saw a hand. I am unable to see these appearances except upon very rare occasions, and, in this instance, saw nothing of them.

"Shortly after these phenomena had been described to the rest of us, the scent bottle began to rock very rapidly, producing much noise, and making about eight or ten beats per second for about half a minute. Then it began gyrating, the rocking motion continuing during the gyrations, and we all nine of us sat watching this motion for about a minute and a half. This is one of the prettiest and most complete pieces of evidence I have had of bodies possessed of weight moving without anybody or anything visible to me touching the same.

"There is a circumstance of some interest to students connected with physical manifestations; for, in order to obtain them with power, it is necessary that the minds of those present should be in as passive a state as possible during the collection from the medium and others present of the power necessary to produce the phenomena. Unless these conditions be complied with, the presence of people with very active minds weakens or destroys the power; but, as soon as the phenomena commence, then the activity of the brains of observers is not detrimental. I have very often found that my presence puts a stop to, or greatly weakens, the physical manifestations; and last Monday week two of us were repeatedly called to order by raps, and told to engage in light conversation till the phenomena commenced. This is the reason why, more especially with weak media, some scientific men have failed to get any satisfactory results, where less active people succeed with ease.

"The spiritual beings who produce the physical phenomena, seem in almost all cases to be very limited in intelligence, generally more so than any of the human beings present. With the clairvoyant phenomena, especially where the medium is capable of being entranced by the unseen intelligences themselves, the activity of the brains of those present does not

impede the manifestations, at least as far as my experience goes. Through the latter sources of communication one is frequently enabled to converse with intelligences, spirits, or whatever you like to call them, whose knowledge is in advance of our own on many points.

"The process of dying does not seem to add to the intelligence of an individual, so far as I have been able to observe. It seems to be merely a change of state. Superstition seems to reign on the other side of the grave as much as on this, and appears to be as difficult to eradicate as here.

"There is one more point to which I should like to draw the attention of the Society, and it is one in which all of those who may be called 'rational' mediums concur, namely, that a sudden violent death is very prejudicial to an individual in the next life. Such a man is nearer in condition to material bodies than those who die a gradual natural death, and when his wisdom is of so low a character that he is maliciously inclined, he is much more able to influence prejudicially those on earth than are those who have died a natural death. I am fully persuaded that inquiry into this branch of the subject will lead to the termination of capital punishment on what may be termed 'selfish' grounds; because when a criminal of the lowest type is executed, the lowness of his type, added to his violent death, makes him a spirit very nearly material in nature. Such beings seem to derive great pleasure in doing mischief, and, as they possess the power of influencing the thoughts of those on earth, delight in stimulating others to imitate their own low nature, the weak minded being their chief victims.

"I am sorry one of the London evening papers has printed a burlesque of the weakest part of the evidence I delivered before you. People reading that burlesque would, among other things, fancy that I stated that there is no relation between what are called the spiritual and the other known material forces. What I stated at the meeting was, that I had been unable to discover the correlation.

"While the Committee are undecided in their opinions about the physical phenomena, which are but the very footstool of the subject, it is out of place to say much of the uses of Spiritualism. One important fact you may learn by questioning the witnesses—namely, that all who have been seriously following up the subject, and have been gradually coming into communication with their departed friends, have bit by bit lost the fear of death. Many, in fact, look forward to it as to promotion. The teachings already received from the higher spirits have many of them been left unrecorded, but some of them will be found in the literature of the subject, which is almost wholly American,

and comprises hundreds of volumes published during the last twenty years. The books are obtainable in London only, so far as I know, at the library of Mr. Burns, 15, Southampton-row, Bloomsbury-square. Of the English works, that by Mrs. and Professor de Morgan is about the best.

"Before concluding, I wish again to impress upon the committee and all Spiritualists that no one should rely upon his own evidence as conclusive, unless supported by collateral testimony. It was for this reason that, when before you, I cited chiefly those cases in which the same information had been communicated to me, and to others at a distance from me, at the same time neither of us expecting the messages delivered. I omitted many of the more striking cases not so corroborated by others. I hope that Spiritualists will not object to my stating that as a body I think them far too credulous.

"What is wanted at the present time is that those ladies and gentlemen who have the time and ability to investigate should combine, and then take up the different branches of these extensive questions, and pursue the enquiries with the same perseverance that characterizes the investigators of natural philosophy, making it a rule to accept nothing as true until denial becomes impossible.

"In my opinion it is a grievous pity that so much attention is given to fiction, and so little to the truths which are being revealed by astronomy, geology, chemistry, and natural philosophy generally. These studies reveal truths before which the interest of the greatest fiction pales. Were children taught more of these interesting facts, and less of fiction, superstition would find fewer dupes to the great moral progress of the world.

"I am, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

"C. F. VARLEY."

SPIRITUALISM IN SWINDON.

THE thriving little railway town of Swindon has become quite a centre of Spiritualism for that part of the country. The Rev. F. R. Young, the minister of the Free Christian Church, continues to exercise his great gift of healing, some account of which we hope shortly to have from his own pen to lay before our readers. His assistant, Mr. Banks, also, is a good test, trance-speaking, and personating medium. Several spirit circles, with different mediums, are regularly held in various parts of the town. At one of these, the phenomenon of the enlargement and

elongation of the body, was recently witnessed by several persons, the elongation being fully six inches; the medium being Mr. Slater, a well-known and respected resident in Swindon. Mr. Banks has also quite lately been the subject of a similar experience.

Of course the most wild and strange reports are in circulation, and in consequence, there is much misapprehension of Spiritualism in the town and neighbourhood. With the view of presenting a fair exposition of Spiritualism and to afford an opportunity for enquiry and discussion Mr. Thomas Shorter, by invitation, delivered a lecture on the subject, June, 22nd, at the Mechanics' Institute: about 300 persons were present. A long report of the lecture and discussion appeared in the *North Wilts Herald*. We have only space for the latter.

At the conclusion of the lecture the Chairman, after apologising for, perhaps, being a little out of place, remarked that he and they had listened with great interest to the lecture, and he hoped that they would now fairly and temperately discuss the question, for if Spiritualism was true they ought to try and promote it; but he could not hide from himself the idea that Spiritualism sapped the foundations of religion. Mr. Shorter had told them Spiritualism would be of use in the pulpit, but he did not see it himself; and he would ask the lecturer how Spiritualism could be thus useful. He would also ask how were sceptics made believers through Spiritualism. Then, as to spiritual manifestations, he could hardly understand how there could be anything produced as a hand which could be felt and at the same time be supposed to belong to a spirit, and he should be obliged if that matter could be cleared up. Respecting the photographs of deceased friends appearing on photographic plates, he had read that they were merely undiscernable blotches.

Mr. Shorter, in reply, said he was glad that the chairman had made these remarks and put these questions, and he would endeavour to answer them. He thought it a most serious charge to bring against Spiritualism that it sapped the foundations of religion, and he could not understand how such an idea could for a moment be entertained. Dr. Young, in the preface to his *Night Thoughts*, had said that most if not all our infidels were supported in their error by some doubt of their immortality at the bottom, and that he was satisfied that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, were not far from being Christians. This conviction, Spiritualism had effected in many thousands of instances, and it could never fail to effect it in the minds of its believers. He referred, in illustration to such cases as those of Professor Hare, in America, who, after being a materialist for nearly half a century, became convinced by means of Spiritualism of the reality of a future life, and ended his days a Christian;

and to Dr. Elliotson and Robert Owen, in this country, whose experience in Spiritualism had led them to the recognition of the great truth of immortality, after a long life of unbelief and denial. And therefore he regretted that Spiritualism was sometimes denounced from the pulpit, where it might most naturally have looked for alliance and support; for the spiritual facts of to-day rendered more credible facts of a like order, of which he gave instances, that were recorded in the Bible. As to spirit hands being felt as well as seen, he, as well as many others, could testify to that from personal experience, and it was for science to discover, if it could, with what the spirit hand clothed itself so as to be sensible to touch, and by which spirit forms could be projected on the sensitive plate of the photographer; for those spirit forms were not blotches, but distinct and correct likenesses of friends and kindred who had passed into the spirit world, and were so accurate that they were immediately identified, as was proved by sworn evidence in the recent trial of Mr. Mumler in New York, to which he in his lecture had referred.

Mr. Philips enquired if Spiritualism could be of any use, why the spirits had not informed them concerning the fate of Sir John Franklin and his crew, so that an expedition might have been sent out; and also why they did not inform them concerning Dr. Livingstone, when false reports about him were in circulation? He then related a story about a young man who had gone to a circle, and had it rapped out to him that his brother in America was dead; whereas, a few days afterwards, a letter came from his brother saying he was alive and well.

Mr. Shorter remarked that those were questions which might more fitly be addressed to the spirits than to himself. He could only speak as to what had occurred, not as to what might, or, as they thought, should have happened. Spirits, however, he might remind them, were not omniscient; and even if the information suggested had been received, would it have been believed and acted upon? In the case, however, of Sir John Franklin and his crew, he had good authority for saying that the information suggested had been given by a spirit, and on inquiry it was found that one of the crew bearing the name given as that of the spirit, and holding the position stated by him, had perished in that ill-fated expedition. He was not aware whether any information had been given by the spirits concerning Dr. Livingstone; but he might mention that in the case of the Rev. Mr. Speke, brother of the African traveller, whose sudden disappearance some time since had excited so painful an interest, a well-known clairvoyant, M. Adolphe Didier, had been consulted, and had stated that Mr. Speke was not dead, as was then believed, but was in the south of England and would be heard

of in a few days : and so it proved. As to errors and mistakes in communications that were received from spirits, there were many sources of error ; the means of communication were imperfect, and there might be misunderstanding on either side ; and as was the case even with the electric telegraph, the messages sought to be conveyed might not always be correctly rendered ; spirits, too, like mortals, were liable to errors of judgment ; and sometimes, as was the case with spirits on earth, there might be those who took pleasure in hoaxing and deceiving. This was not to be altogether regretted, for it prevented them from placing a too implicit confidence in spirits, and yielding up their own reason and judgment. Communications from spirits must be taken for just what they were worth and no more, and be tried and tested as they would test those of any anonymous correspondent.

Mr. G. Rowland could not understand how a man could retain his scepticism and yet endorse Spiritualism.

Mr. Shorter explained that many Spiritualists had been sceptics and materialists, and though Spiritualism satisfied them of the truth of man's immortality, it did not always lead them to at once abandon their unbelief on other points ; though such unbelief might be logically inconsistent with the new conviction they had attained.

Mr. Simpson inquired how spirits could move material substances and play musical instruments, as was alleged to be the case.

Mr. Shorter replied that they must distinguish between these modes of manifestation of spirit power, and the means by which they were accomplished : of the former they were certain, but the latter was still in great measure a subject of speculation, and for further enquiry. He might ask in reply to the question how men moved their physical bodies. In this they have evidence every day of their lives of the power of spirit over matter. All forces were invisible, the subtlest forces were the most potent. Spirit power from its very nature was more subtle than any force known to them, and they might reasonably conclude that it would act upon grosser matter through the intermediate agency of the finer forces, elements, and essences of Nature.

Mr. Ham inquired why spirits only communicated by rapping, and why they always rapped upon the table. Why did they not speak with their tongues instead of rapping on wooden tables.

Mr. Shorter said that spirits communicated in many ways. The raps, as they were called, was only one of these. It was used to arrest attention, just as any one present might rap at a friend's door for the same purpose. The raps were made on the

walls, the floor, the ceiling, on any resonant substance; sometimes on wooden heads, as well as on wooden tables. Spirits could not very well use their physical tongues when these no longer had an existence; but wherever conditions were favourable they communicated by preference through the living organism,—the tongue or hand of a medium in preference to inert matter. Many of the noblest discourses he had ever listened to had been thus given; and these, as well as answers to mental questions that were written out through the hand of a medium, were often far superior to anything of which the medium was capable in the ordinary or normal state.

Two or three further questions were asked, which were answered by Mr. Shorter, and with thanks to the Chairman the meeting separated.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

AN IMPUDENT HOAX.

“That coin is spurious, nail it down!”—*Charles Mackay.*

A COMMON and now stale trick of the Opposition (not a very ingenious but a wholly disingenuous one) to discredit Spiritualism is the fabrication of fictitious narratives,—sometimes affecting to be an account of wonderful spirit manifestations witnessed by the writer, at others, an exposure of the devices by which the cunning newspaper correspondent has imposed on the credulity of those about him; of course the inference being that all spirit manifestations are equally deceptive, and all their believers equally credulous. Sometimes the writer is anonymous, at others, in order to give his narrative an air of greater authenticity, a fictitious name and address is given. Sometimes, to avoid responsibility, the account is made first to appear in an obscure provincial newspaper, to be thence transferred to a metropolitan journal, whence it takes a new start, and goes the round of the press. This last little game has just been played between a writer in the *Kentish Chronicle* (of whose name and whereabouts we learn only that he is “a gentleman formerly resident in London,”) and the *Echo*. The article, as it appeared in the *Echo*, is headed “Confessions of a Spiritualist;” though, if it were anything but an impudent hoax, it would have been, on the writer’s own shewing, more appropriately headed,

"Confessions of a Scoundrel." He tells us that he brought four of his friends together to his room to witness spirit manifestations. These he counterfeited by various contrivances. He raised the table by putting his foot under it, made knocks by pressing the top of the table on a broken spring underneath, and so by means of the alphabet rapped out private information which with great trouble he had previously ferreted out. He caused a little music to be played by strings attached to the keys of a concealed musical instrument, he moved a picture and other articles in the room by fine silk threads attached to them, and finally, having secretly turned out the gas, and armed himself with a stick, he gave his friends a good thrashing, persuading them it was inflicted by the spirits. The writer, we think, richly merits the castigation he feigns to have inflicted on his friends, who, if his account were true, must have been as great fools as he a knave, though not greater fools than those readers who can be gulled by so clumsy a fraud.

THE MESMERIC INFIRMARY.

We have received a report embracing the last four years' operations of this useful Institution which devotes itself to the healing powers of Mesmerism, at the Infirmary, 36, Weymouth Street, W. The Earl of Dunraven is the President. On the cover, we find the following excellent and characteristic memorandum by its former President, the late Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin :—

That book about doctors, by Mr. Jefferson, is rather late in the attempt to hold up Mesmerism to derision. The attempt might have been more promising twenty or thirty years ago; since then, the belief in it has spread steadily, and not very slowly among persons who are not commonly accounted either fools or mad. Now, although in religion the most gross errors may prevail for ages, because they cannot be fully exposed till the Day of Judgment, it is not so with matters of fact, which are open to examination and experiment. In these a delusion which may prevail for a time will generally, in a few years, die away. It is seldom that in such matters error can permanently be established, or truth finally suppressed. I remember the vehement opposition which prevailed, when I was a lad, to vaccination; but before long it died away. I myself was for many years strongly reluctant to believe in Mesmerism, but I was at length overcome by facts. Any amount of detected mistake or imposture will no more go to disprove a well-established fact than the detection of a number of pieces of counterfeit coins will prove a genuine shilling and sovereign not to be genuine silver and gold. To take one case out of a multitude: I witnessed, day after day, and week after week, the gradual restoration to sight, under Mesmeric treatment, of a woman who had been blind for twenty-seven years, a great part of which time I had personally known her. Her eyes were as white as this paper, so that there was no room for deception, either in her former blindness or in her restoration to sight. If any one thinks that this was the work of imagination, let him, for pity's sake, try a hand himself at curing the blind by imagination.

With this, and many similar cases before me, besides many reports of the like from credible persons, I could not maintain disbelief; and to suppose that

we are all so mad as to believe that things are taking place before our eyes which did not, and all mad in the same way, is utterly incredible. No one, I am convinced, who has seen what I have seen, or the half of it, can remain unconvinced that Mesmerism is a real and powerful agent. Those who profess complete disbelief, therefore, must belong, I conceive, to one of two classes: first, those who have made but a slight and scanty enquiry, or none at all, and shun full investigation, lest they should be convinced—which is what they do not wish; and secondly, those who have enquired more fully, and really *are* convinced, but are afraid to own it, for fear of being laughed at, or of being sent “to Coventry” by a kind of Trades’ Union conspiracy. A physician in high practice confessed privately to a friend of his, whom I knew, and who told it to me without divulging the name, that he fully believed in the reality of many of the Mesmeric phenomena, but that he dare not acknowledge this publicly “because,” said he, “it would cost me two or three thousand a year, which is more than I can afford to lose.”

THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.

We are amused to see that the inquiry into Spiritualism by the committee of this Society, is bringing them into the same public contempt and opprobrium which have attended all previous inquirers and inquiries. We read in a paper an article describing the committee as composed of stupid old women who are setting themselves up to inquire into the exploded imposture called Spiritualism. The members will now have an opportunity of realizing the depth of the foolishness of the press and the public, whilst we fully recognize that even were they to make a favourable report, it would be almost valueless, because of its substantiating unpalatable facts. It is hard to be dealing with a subject in which every one who becomes a believer renders his evidence thereby of no validity to convince others, albeit the facts which he states are analogous to those on which Christianity and all other forms of religion are based.

SHARON TURNER, THE HISTORIAN, ON MIRACLES.

“Avoid all absurd prejudices, theoretically, against miracles. They are inseparable from existence. Creation was a miracle; its subsistence is not less so. The true idea of a miracle is that it is an act of Divine power—an event which the material laws of nature, without the greater law of the Divine agency, could not effect. To describe a miracle as a violation of the laws of nature, is an incorrect and inapplicable definition; for all the laws of nature are in continual violation and counteraction by each other. Fire burns, hot water extinguishes it; water is fluid, but cold converts it into a solid, and heat into air. It is the established course of nature that all its laws should be thus violating each other. It is by such a violation that we roll yearly round the sun. This is the result of the attractive law

continually violating the law of that propulsive force which every planet has received. These two laws are in a constant struggle, each violating the other,—neither prevailing; and therefore the result of their unceasing conflict and counteraction is that forced compromise, ever resisted by each, but maintained by their very resistance, which appears in our circuitous orbit. We now go round the sun by no willing movement. Instead of flying off from it, as one law urges us to do, and instead of falling with it, to which the other is always drawing us,—this mutual violation of each other's law compels our planet into that elliptical circuit which is the artificial product of this appointed contest.

“A miracle is, therefore, the excited will and agency of that Deity who is an inexcludable part of all nature, as well as His works; who is ever superintending them, and who acts by his natural law in the usual course of things, and by the special operation of a miracle whenever He deems it proper so to do. He alone is the judge of the necessity or expediency of such an interference; but whatever He chooses to do for the benefit of His creatures, there is nothing to prevent Him from accomplishing. He has no controller nor superior, nor does He take counsel from us as to the time, the manner, or the fitness of His interposition. Miracles are therefore at no time impossible; but, on the contrary, from the constant presence of the efficient cause, are always probable. The usual course of things is manifestly left to the operation of the mechanized and subordinated laws, as far as their visible causes appear. The supernatural interposition is not necessary, while the common events of nature only are to take place and occur. But when the manifestation of the Superior Power, or the production of the effects to which the common law of things are adequate, becomes expedient, then, what is specially needed, specially ensues. The Divine agency immediately acts and produces visible effects beyond the power of natural causes to occasion; and thus evidences its own operation. That it would not thus interfere without an adequate reason, is the deduction of our judgment which Horace has so forcibly expressed:—

‘Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit;’

but that it will always thus interfere whenever a sufficient occasion makes its agency expedient, our same judgment will correctly infer; because intelligence will act like itself, and therefore intelligently, and therefore at every period do what it is proper and right that it should do. How it has acted in this respect before our present day, history only can inform us from human sources of knowledge. Authentic history declares that it has thus interposed, but on rare, and always on great

occasions, and from sufficient reasons; and thus the special interference of Divine agency in the occurrence of miracles on great occasions, and from sufficient reasons, is the suggestion of our past experience, and is the true philosophical probability. Sacred history, being the history of the Divine agency in human affairs, cannot but comprise the appearance, and be expected to exhibit the occurrence of such miracles as were necessary to effectuate its object."—*Sacred History of the World*, p. 77.

ARRAIGNMENT OF HEALERS.

Drs. Ruttle and Andrus have recently been brought before the Police Court in Toronto, Canada, and fined for using magnetism as a remedial agency with the laying on of hands. The same court in a Canada Council chamber would have fined Jesus Christ for making the "lame to walk, the blind to see, and the deaf to hear," by the laying on of hands. Can Bigotry go further?

EXPERIENCE OF AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR.

"The following letter was written by Professor Taylor, editor, and one of the proprietors of the *North-Western Farmer*, and also of the *Ladies' Own Magazine*, two monthly periodicals published in this city. Professor Taylor is well and extensively known in this city (Indianapolis), as an intelligent, Christian man—an able preacher, a zealous and efficient temperance advocate and forcible writer. He is also extensively known in Central, Southern and Northern Illinois, as a successful gospel minister, and as an earnest and successful educator, having, at different times, had charge of the educational interests of that State at different points. Those who know Professor Taylor will, therefore, read with interest the statements made in the following letter, which was written, not for publication at all, but as a private letter to his brother-in-law, James M. Matthew, Esq., of Oldtown, Maryland, but some of his friends, to whom he read the letter before sending it off, thinking that it might do good, asked that it might be made public in this manner. He consented, and furnished us with a copy, which is to the following effect:—

"Indianapolis, March 27, 1869.

"My dear Brother and Sister:—* * * * But I must tell you the item of news that is most upon my mind, and in which you will be most deeply interested. I have, all my life, suffered at times, with most distressing doubts as to whether there is a future world or not. I suppose I ought to be ashamed to make this acknowledgment, seeing that I have been a minister and pastor for nearly twenty years; but I could not rid myself of those doubts. * * * *

"God in his great mercy has permitted one of those of whom the Apostle speaks, when he interrogatively declares, 'Are they not all Ministering Spirits sent to minister unto them who shall be heirs of Salvation?' to reveal herself to me in a very wonderful manner.

"On last Thursday, about 3 o'clock, P.M., as I was sitting in a small room singing in a low tone of voice,

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies, &c.,

a voice spoke to me which I did not comprehend. The person speaking seemed to wish to introduce herself. The name was spoken several times, but so indistinctly, that I did not recognize the name, and I said, "I can't understand you." She then turned to my niece, who was present, and said, very distinctly, "Tell him I am your aunt Harriet."

"My niece was very much affected at this, and burst into a flood of tears and wept aloud for some little time. She then turned to me and said, with much fervor, 'My dear brother, I am your sister Harriet.' I said, 'O, is it possible that this is my darling sister Harriet, whom I used to love so much?' And she answered: 'Yes, yes!' Then turning to my niece, who was still weeping, she said, 'Don't weep, my dear, control your feelings, I can talk so much better if you will.' Mary having promised to do so, she turned to me again, and said, 'My dear, dear brother, don't doubt any more. O, I am so glad to be permitted to speak to you, my dear brother;' and kissed me three times on my face."

"The professor, after giving a synopsis of the words of consolation and admonition addressed to himself and niece, proceeds:—

"A few minutes after sister Harriet left me, a little one advanced and said in a feeble, faint voice, 'Your wee little Timmy Finlay, Oh, papa, papa, me so glad, so glad,' and kissed me twice, and repeated, 'Papa, papa, papa,' three times, and this sweet vision of angels was over. * * *

"What seems now to be very strange to me, is, I was not thinking of our darling queenly sister at all, nor of my little angel boy, that passed to the better land in 1861. You remember that sister Harriet departed this life, at Colfax, in this state, in the year of 1863. I had just been thinking of our sainted mother, also of the dear wife of my youth, each of whom passed over about ten years ago. If I had been thinking intently of my sister, or my 'wee little' one, I might now think, or at least others might think it for me, that my eyes, ears, and touch had deceived me; nevertheless, I saw a luminous appearance, as distinctly as I ever saw the morning star before it passed beyond the Western hills; or the full-orbed moon, as in her waxen brightness, she walks amid the hosts of the stars. I heard the name and the discourse as plainly as I heard Dr. Holliday preach his excellent sermon to-day, in Roberts chapel, on the resurrection of Christ, and our consequent resurrection. I felt the touch as sensibly as ever I felt the forceps of the dentist in having a tooth extracted, but without pain, so that, as to the fact, there is not even the slightest possible grounds for even a remote shadow of doubt.

"But if I had been thinking intently of these, my two departed loved ones, it, to say the least, would not have appeared so remarkable. But I should not have been any more astonished if Archimedes had introduced himself. * * *

"There was one figure sister used that now recurs to me, that I will mention as being full of interest. Speaking of the subject of death, she said, 'There is nothing in death to alarm a good man. I used to fear death so much, but it is like staying a few days in an old house, that is almost ready to fall down, while a splendid mansion is being finished into which you are to move and live for ever.' Many more things were said but I cannot write them now. I have thus written my dear brother and sister, that your own souls might be refreshed and encouraged. * * * * I am your affectionate brother,

"T. B. TAYLOR."

Indianapolis State Journal.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S CONFESSION.

"I confess to you, there is something in my mind of sublimity in the idea that the world is full of spirits, good and evil, who are pursuing their various errands, and that the little that we can see with these bats' eyes of ours, the little that we can decipher with these imperfect senses, is not the whole of the reading of those vast pages of that great volume which God has written. There is in the lore of God more than our philosophy has ever dreamed of."

A GHOST AT CARMYLE.

"Although the whole family of infernal spirits have been relegated by universal consent to their legitimate sphere, a few restless members of the tribe still, it would seem, take pleasure in revisiting the earth about "the witching hour of night" and scaring such unfortunate travellers as happen to be abroad at that "eerie" time. According to the testimony of several credible witnesses, the neighbourhood of the village of Carmyle has been selected by an unhappy ghost as an eligible locality for a nightly airing. A part of the road, deeply shaded by trees, leading from the village to the railway station, is locally understood to be "haunted," ever since a suicide took place there some years ago; and though a number of the villagers are still sceptical, proof is accumulating so rapidly, that there is a fair probability of their soon being brought over to the popular side. A lady who has only recently become a resident of the neighbourhood, and who, till she had related the story of the "thing" she saw, was unacquainted with the traditions of the place, has related to us that, on her way home from Glasgow one night recently, at a late hour, she noticed—soon after entering the mysterious precincts within which the ghost is believed to promenade—a weird-looking object on the opposite side of the road. It had the semblance of a very tall man, enveloped in a dark cloak from the shoulders downward, with a white handkerchief closely drawn around the head, and was standing, with its back to the road, mournfully contemplating the ivy-covered wall. At first, the lady had no thought of the supernatural, but as she passed the object, and glanced backward at it, a sense of awe came over her that impelled her to hurry onward, without taking a second look. The most singular part of the story is that next day, when she was beginning to tell that she had seen "something" overnight on her way home, a lad who was present caught up the story and gave a description

of the local ghost—as observed on several occasions by belated villagers—which entirely corresponded with what she had seen. It seems beyond doubt, therefore, that a mysterious being, either human or infernal, is accustomed to “walk” the Carmyle Road.”—*Glasgow Citizen*.

Notices of Books.

THE GATE'S AJAR.*

THIS is a book on the identity of our being in time and eternity. We set aside the long-drawn argument of Butler as we take it up to find a journal of a young lady, who has lost her brother in the four years' American war, and who is a victim to cherished sorrow, till an aunt joins her who sees in life the assurance and the type of life eternal. Point by point this idea is enforced in the narrative; at one time disclosing the truth to overcome the stolidity of doctrinal believers, at another, to win to trustful love the roughest and most ignorant hind, by showing him that his rational power in machinery may be but an instinct of the mastery over motion and form which he shall enjoy in the eternal future. One extract will be sufficient from Aunt Winifred's conversation with Abinadab Quirk to exhibit the writer's method and power. Aunt Winifred having told “'Bin” that, ungainly and clumsy as he is, he will hereafter be as much handsomer than the St. George she shews him as the picture is handsomer than his actual self. We feel ourselves in the hands of a practical teacher as we read this reply:—

“Make it all up there may be?” Musing. “The girls laughing at you all your life and all. That would be the bigger heft of the two then, wouldn't it? for they say there ain't any end of things up there. Why, so it might be fair in Him after all; more'n fair, perhaps. See, here; Mrs. Forceythe I'm not a church-member you know, and father, he's dreadful troubled about me; prays over me like a span of ministers, the old gentleman does, every Sunday night. Now I don't want to go to the other place any mor than the next man, and I've had my times too of thinking I'd keep steady, and say my prayers reg'lar—it makes a chap feel on a sight better terms with himself; but I don't see how I'm going to wear white frocks, and stand up in a choir—never could sing no more'n a frog with a cold in his head,—it tires me more now, honest, to think of it, than it does to do a week's mowing—look at me! Do you suppose I'm fit for it? Father, he's always talking about the thrones, and the wings, and the praises, and the psalms, and having new names in your forehead (shouldn't object to that, though, by any means) till he drives me into the tool-house, or off on a spree. I tell him if God hain't got a place where chaps like me can do something He's fitted 'em to do in this world, there's no use thinking about it anyhow.’”

* By ELIZABETH STEWART PHELPS. London: SAMSON, LOW, SON & MARSTON.

Again, it is very remarkable how the authoress uses the letter of Scripture to enforce its spirit, thus:—

"The Bible" (says the objector), "declares there shall be no marrying nor giving in marriage"—(the reply is): "I know that; nor will there be such marrying or giving in marriage as there is in a world like this. Christ expressly goes on to state that we shall be *as* the angels in Heaven. How do we know what heavenly unions of heart with heart exist among the angels? It leaves me margin to live and be happy with John* for ever, and it holds many possibilities for the settlement of all perplexing questions brought about by the relations of this world. It is no use to talk much about them; but it is on that very verse that I found my unshaken belief that they will be smoothed out in some natural and happy way, with which each one shall be content."

To review this little work would be only to re-write it, and that probably very inefficiently, but we hope that this slight notice will attract equally those who are enquiring after truth in things spiritual, and those who are sorrowing for dear ones they have lost.

Correspondence.

THE GREAT MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES.

"The sense of man carrieth a resemblance with the sun, which, as we see, openeth and revealeth all the terrestrial globe; but then again it obscureth and concealeth the stars and celestial globe; so doth the sense discover natural things, but it darkeneth and shutteth up divine."—BACON.

Mr. William White would like to ask me "what better conception can we entertain of God than as of man," that "if we do not think of him as man, how shall we think of him?" That question has been answered by all the profoundest thinkers both of ancient and modern times to the effect that of the nature of causation—that is of the fundamental source and cause of natural phenomena whether viewed as physical forms, animal instincts, or mental facts we know nothing, and can form no intelligible conception; that it is a matter entirely underlying, and beyond the reach of the human faculties. Every effect must have a cause, but which in its efficient nature cannot be realised by the human finite mind, which does but reflect effects and discern their laws, but has no insight into first and fundamental principles, which, as Bacon says, must be *sui generis* and unlike anything we can possibly imagine, and in which sense, the very term principle means no more than an *x* signifying the existence of something, the nature of which is unknown. We try to realise the nature of power as a muscular effort, and of the "formative principle" in the growth of a flower, in a vague indefinite way as the mental conception we term design or will or motive, but all which is sheer illusion and delusion, as to the source and determining law and antecedent conditions, of which the mental phenomena are the consequent, and thus we confound effect with efficient causes—and in making man the measure of the universe, bring in a false illustration in a wrong conception of what man's nature is, in the idea that he is a free and undetermined source of power. Now, no one is more clear upon this head than Mrs. Hardinge when proclaiming and illustrating "the reign of law even in the realm of mind" as the Duke of Argyll expresses it in his recent noble work on universal law.

* The widow Winifred's late husband.

The illustrious Naturalist of whom the Spiritualists are so justly proud, declares in the plainest terms that the determining cause in the universe is a profound mystery, not only unknown but unknowable, and even absolutely unthinkable, and if Mr. White, as a Christian, prefers the authority of a divine, let him read the great work on Final Causes by the Rev. Dr. Irons, who is appointed to deliver the next Bampton Lecture. But when Mr. White tells us that unless we know the nature of a cause we cannot say there is any cause at all, I can only reply that all life and the whole history of science and of philosophy, and of the human mind, exhibit the very contrary to be the fact. Am I not at this very moment questioning the cause of the very remarkable class of phenomena of modern Spiritualism, being sure there is a sufficient cause, but in no spirit of scepticism or antagonism whatever, being sensible of the deep importance of the fact, be the cause what it may. No doubt the very term God from use implies some close resemblance to a human being, and if we must imagine a nature to that which is in very reality pronounced to be "unthinkable," of course we can but use some symbol, and what other can we take but our highest conception of the nature of man himself—false though the simile be; since a man is a mere result and not a primary cause or principle at all, for the whole phenomena of consciousness are clearly the product of an unconscious source, whether the substance be considered to be material or spiritual. Thoughts do not produce themselves, but have a basis in that which is not thought, and in which lies the great mystery in which Spiritualism does not in the least solace, or bring us one step nearer to the great principle fundamental to all existence, and whether considered as instinct, thought, or material forms. Of one thing we are certain that intelligence does not produce itself, or designs design themselves, and that the highest inspirations of the poet and philosopher flows into conscious conception unbidden, and the idea of a spirit, and of a spirit behind that again, does not throw the least light on the ultimate fact or first principles. The idea merely puts off the question, but does not solve it; and in regard to Christ, Mr. White should remember that the belief was that God took upon himself the nature of man, because God, as very God to man must be unintelligible, and that the only absolutely divine manifestations were accounted to be miraculous, and in consequence the cause of which to be absolutely inconceivable in the very nature of things, and in consequence of the wholly superficial character of the human mind as the mere sensible expression or reflex of effects in their order and relations.

HENRY G. ATKINSON,

61, Upper Gloucester Place, N.W.

Mr. Atkinson multiplies words to little purpose, and adduces arguments which I should contest point by point. That we can know anything of causes apart from effects, I deny as strenuously as he does; but that from effects we may know causes, I as strenuously maintain. I never met Mr. Atkinson, but from his writings I have a definite conception of him as a cause in which common sense is so nullified by art, that he can witness manifestations of intelligence, and at the same time question their intelligent origin. Consistently, he treats God as he treats Spirits.

Let me repeat. From what God *does* we learn what He *is*. Our experience of Nature is an experience of its Creator; our experience of Human Nature affords a yet deeper insight; whilst in Christ, we hold, God has revealed His very heart. God as unseen is known on no other terms than Man as unseen. So much of God we presume to know, and trust to go on learning to eternity.

That many philosophers have pronounced God unknown and unknowable is true, but I have too little respect for authority to be affected thereby. Their grand fallacy has been the endeavour (an endeavour Mr. Atkinson imputes to me) to know God apart from Nature, apart from Man, and especially apart from Jesus Christ. Vain indeed is that quest; whilst the search for God manifest in His handiwork is fruitful from the outset and ever onwards.

WILLIAM WHITE.

Thurlow Road, Hampstead.